



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1913

SIX MONTHS OF WILSON

BY THE EDITOR

"Who could have foreseen four years ago that a discredited and demoralized Democracy was about to be converted into an efficient, responsible instrument of government by men like Wilson, Underwood, and Simmons, whom a majority of the American people had hardly heard of?"—
"New York World."

Yet it was foreseen and has been done—and that is the great achievement. All that had been predicated of the effectiveness of Woodrow Wilson has been realized. No President of the United States has demonstrated greater capacity for true leadership. None, barring Lincoln, was confronted at the outset by a larger number of perplexing problems. None has met his difficulties with more sagacity or resolved them more skilfully. Recognition of that fact is as universal and ungrudging as it is gratifying to all patriotic citizens whose faith in the potency of the individual survived all contingencies.

Much work is in process. Currency legislation awaits the judgment of the country and the action of Congress. The success or failure of the Administration's novel Mexican policy is yet to be determined. All other foreign matters, including the canal-tolls dispute with Great Britain, the im-

portant treaty with Russia, the difficulty with Japan, the surprising proposal to Nicaragua, and the quite ridiculous arrangement with San Salvador, if not neglected, are at least held in abeyance. We may leave these and other pending subjects for future consideration.

But two acts of the deepest significance characterize the first half-year of the Wilson Administration. One is the enactment of a rational tariff bill, the other is the exemption of a class from prosecution under the Anti-trust Law.

The way for genuine tariff reduction was paved by Representatives Champ Clark and Oscar W. Underwood when they organized the House under new rules three years ago. Upon the bill then passed by the Democratic majority the National campaign was waged and won. No possible doubt of the intent of the country remained, and there was little hope for recalcitrancy. Nevertheless, the task of successful direction which President Wilson promptly and properly assumed would have daunted a less resolute spirit. How simply, how admirably, how persistently, and how successfully he performed that duty need hardly be recounted. To the great body of Democratic members of both Houses who placed the National weal above local considerations, no less than to Messrs. Underwood and Simmons, is due a large measure of credit for unselfish public service, but first honors for this signal achievement go necessarily and rightfully to President Wilson, the guiding and pacifying but unyielding mind. The Speaker, in his generous and manly tribute to the part played by the President, but voiced the gratitude of the Nation.

There is no need now to analyze or discuss a measure which, having become an accomplishment, must demonstrate itself. But there can be no doubt of "revision downward" when the average rate of duty is reduced from 40.12 per cent. to approximately 26 per cent. Neither is there left much room for cry of free trade under a tariff of 26 per cent. We frankly question the advisability of cutting off all of the revenue so easily derived from the tax on sugar, and we are uncertain of the fairness of "free wool," but these changes had become tenets of the Democratic faith, and the President was as fully warranted in insisting upon the keeping of the pledges as Mr. Underwood was justified in waiving his personal judgment.

Whether or not or to what extent the lowering of duties

will reduce the "high cost of living" is a matter of speculation. Upon that point neither Mr. Wilson nor Mr. Underwood has ever ventured demagogic predictions. Both have held fast to the theory that, regardless of effects upon costs, competition is the very essence of freedom from monopoly and imposition. The President, indeed, went much further when in his Message he said:

"We must abolish everything that bears even the semblance of privilege or of any kind of artificial advantage, and put our business men and producers under the stimulation of a constant necessity to be efficient, economical, and enterprising, masters of competitive supremacy, better workers and merchants than any in the world. . . . The object of the tariff duties henceforth laid must be effective competition, the whetting of American wits by contest with the wits of the rest of the world."

This is no less than a positive demand for greater efficiency, a call upon labor and capital to co-operate in renewed endeavor to meet all comers upon an even basis in the markets of the world, an appeal to the spirit of both enterprise and patriotism. It is pitched upon the high key which won attention and held interest when Mr. Wilson began to enunciate his ideas and has the inspiring note which marks him at his best.

None can deny that, in this most difficult of domestic undertakings, President Wilson has kept the faith by unimpeachable methods and with the faithfulness, directness, and dignity which appeal most strongly to the American people.

The one big blot on the record of the Wilson administration is the initiation of class legislation, through the enactment of a statute which separates American citizens into two great bodies and exempts one of those bodies from the punishment prescribed by a specific law for criminal offenses. The exact words written into the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill are these:

"For the enforcement of anti-trust laws, \$300,000: *Provided, however,* That no part of this money shall be spent in the prosecution of any organization or individual for entering into any combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor, or for any act done in furtherance thereof not in itself unlawful: *Provided further,* That no part of this appropriation shall be expended for the prosecution of producers of farm products and associations of farmers who co-operate and organize

in an effort to and for the purpose to obtain and maintain a fair and reasonable price for their products."

This flagrantly discriminatory act is the culmination of efforts to that end exerted over a period of nearly a quarter of a century. The first attempt was made while the Sherman Anti-trust Bill was under consideration by the Senate, taking the form of an amendment proposed by Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island and reading as follows:

"Provided, That this act shall not be construed to apply to any arrangements, agreements, or combinations between laborers made with a view of lessening the number of hours of their labor or of increasing their wages; nor to any arrangements, agreements, associations or combinations among persons engaged in horticulture or agriculture made with the view of enhancing the price of their own agricultural or horticultural products."

The discussion took place on March 27th, 1890. After Senator John Sherman had declared succinctly that in his judgment "this amendment practically fritters away the substantial elements of this bill," Senator George F. Edmunds attacked the proposal in a speech of exceptional power, and, after full discussion, participated in by Senators Hoar, Platt, George, and Aldrich, the amendment was rejected. In view of the constantly reiterated assertion that the act was not designed to apply to labor unions and farmers' associations, the importance of this fact is both obvious and vital.

The makers of the law having refused to grant the discrimination, it became necessary to resort to subterfuge to obtain the exemption, and the scheme which has now attained fruition was hatched nearly twenty years ago. Both President McKinley and President Roosevelt were relieved by Congress from the necessity of meeting the issue, but persistence aided by circumstance finally crowned the efforts of Mr. Samuel Gompers with success, and the measure was placed before President Taft in the last days of his administration. His veto was prompt and incisive, reading in part as follows:

"This provision is class legislation of the most vicious sort. If it were enacted as substantive law and not merely as a qualification upon the use of moneys appropriated for the enforcement of the law, no one, I take it, would doubt its unconstitutionality.

"The proviso is subtly worded so as in a measure to conceal its full

effect by providing that no part of the money appropriated shall be spent in the prosecution of any organization or individual 'for entering into any combination or agreement *having in view* the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the conditions of labor,' etc. . . . So that any organization formed with the beneficent purpose described in the proviso might later engage in a conspiracy to destroy by force, violence, or unfair means any employer or employees who failed to conform with its requirements, and yet because of its originally avowed lawful purpose it would be exempt from prosecution so far as prosecution depended upon the moneys appropriated by this act, no matter how wicked, how cruel, how deliberate the acts of which it was guilty. So, too, by the following sentence in the act, such an organization would be protected from prosecution 'for any act done in furtherance' of 'the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the condition of labor,' not in itself unlawful. But under the law of criminal conspiracy acts lawful in themselves may become the weapons whereby an unlawful purpose is carried out and accomplished.

"An amendment, almost in the language of this proviso, so far as it refers to organizations for the increasing of wages, etc., was introduced in the Sixty-first Congress and failed of enactment.

"Representative Madison characterized it as an attempt to 'write into the law, so far as this particular measure is concerned, a legalization of the secondary boycott. . . . The laws of this country,' he pointed out, 'are liberal to the working-man. He can strike, he can agree to strike, he can act under a leader in a strike, and he can apply the direct boycott; but when it comes to going further and so acting as to impede and obstruct the natural and lawful course of trade in this country, then the law says he shall stop. And all in the world that this anti-trust act does is to apply to him that simple and proper rule that he, too, as well as the creators of trusts and monopolies, shall not obstruct the natural and ordinary course of trade in the United States of America. I believe,' he added, 'in the high aims, motives, and patriotism of the American working-men, and do not believe that, rightly understanding this amendment, they would ask us to write it into the law of this republic.' (Congressional Record, p. 8850, 61st Cong. 2d sess.)

"It is because I am unwilling to be a party to writing such a provision into the laws of this Republic that I am unable to give my assent to a bill which contains this provision.

“WM. H. TAFT.

“THE WHITE HOUSE, *March, 4, 1913.*”

On the very calendar day when this veto was filed President Wilson was inaugurated.

On April 12th President Wilson summoned Senator Martin and Representative Fitzgerald, chairmen, respectively, of the Senate and House Committees on Appropriations, to the White House and expressed his wish that the Sundry Civil Bill, including the proviso, be reintroduced and passed. Announcement to this effect was made in the newspapers

of April 13th, accompanied by the assertion that "President Wilson does not believe that the anti-trust act should be enforced against labor unions or co-operative associations of farmers."

Immediately upon the introduction of the bill in the House, in conformity with the President's suggestion, there arose a storm of indignant protest in every section of the country. Many Chambers of Commerce and merchants' associations adopted opposing resolutions, and the press without a dissenting voice urged the President to reconsider his determination. It was clear that the bill would become a law if he should refuse to do so. Democratic members of Congress could not antagonize both the President and the labor unions without inviting their own political ruin. Nevertheless, leading Democratic members did call upon the President and pledge their best endeavors to defeat the obnoxious proviso if he would lend his approval or acquiescence to their endeavor. The President declined to accede to this request, and the bill was passed by both Houses as an Administration measure.

The press and civic organizations renewed their opposition with great vigor, recalling insistently the Democratic party's pledge of "equal rights for all, special privilege for none," and even more particularly Mr. Wilson's many denunciations of "every form of special privilege and exemptions," his reiterated dedication of self to "the common as against any particular interest whatever," and his declaration to the very farmers concerned in this discriminatory legislation that he would be "ashamed of myself if I tried to stir up any feeling on the part of any class against any other class."

The venerable ex-Senator from Vermont, Mr. Edmunds, alarmed by the threatening infraction of the effectiveness of the Anti-trust Act of which he was the author, in a telegram from California, directed the President's attention to the fact that the proviso had been rejected originally by the makers of that great law, as it has been well designated by Senator Root, and "implored" him for his sake and his own to veto the bill.

On June 23d, after several weeks of deliberation, President Wilson affixed his signature to the measure whose introduction he had directed two months and ten days before, and so placed it upon the Federal statute-books.

Such, in brief, is the history of the first law avowedly exempting a class from the operation of another law ever enacted in the United States.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the iniquitous nature of class legislation in general or of this Act in particular, since President Wilson was not only elected on repeated pledges of equal treatment for all, but has pronounced this very proviso "unjustifiable in character and principle."

Why, then, did he originally propose and finally approve it?

The President sets forth the grounds for his action in a memorandum which he filed as an accompaniment to his signature. We may consider them in the order presented.

"I have signed this bill because I can do so without in fact limiting the operation or the power of the Department of Justice to prosecute violations of the law by whomsoever committed."

A more exact way of putting it would have been to say that he had *not vetoed* the bill in view of the fact or assumption noted. Obviously there is nothing in this statement calling for or justifying affirmative action. If there were, a President would find in a mere negation full warrant for signing any measure, however heinous he might consider it to be. Suppose, for example, the proviso had been "That no part of this appropriation shall be expended for the prosecution of bankers for entering into combination or of associations of manufacturers who co-operate and organize," etc. Both situation and argument would have been identical. Surely if the restriction could be imposed in the one case "without in fact limiting the operation of the Department," so it could be in the other. But would President Wilson have considered this an adequate reason or any reason for signing such a bill? Moreover, is it more than technically true that the restriction does not limit operation? If other funds already in hand are sufficient "to prosecute violations of the law by whomsoever committed," why the need of this additional appropriation at all? Assuming that the sums provided do not suffice and must be increased, one fact and only one is certain, namely, that the added amount cannot be employed "to prosecute violations of the law by *whomsoever committed*." And if it be proper to deprive the Department of the right to use a part of the general fund to prosecute labor unions and farmers'

associations for "violations of the law," why should not the use of the remainder be refused? And is it not, in effect? Is it conceivable that the Department will withhold any portion of the inadequate funds already in hand for the prosecution of criminal offenses which may be "committed" by "whomsoever," *i. e.*, by labor unions and farmers' associations?

The President continues:

"If I could have separated from the rest of the bill the item which authorized the expenditure by the Department of Justice of a special sum of \$300,000 for the prosecution of violations of the anti-trust law I would have vetoed that item because it places upon the expenditures a limitation which is in my opinion unjustifiable in character and principle. But I could not separate it."

So there is a limitation, after all, a limitation so "unjustifiable in character and principle" that the President would have liked to veto it, but did not because he "could not separate it" from the rest of the bill. The implication seems to be that the President had no opportunity to act until the measure came to him in completed form for approval or disapproval, and that consequently he was forced to treat it as a whole and either accept that which was "unjustifiable in character and principle" or reject the part that was desirable. It is unthinkable, however, that the President meant to convey an impression so palpably false. Surely he could have separated the obnoxious proviso from the bill when he requested the chairmen of the two Appropriation committees to have the measure introduced and passed in the precise form which President Taft had indignantly repudiated. Surely, too, he could have acquiesced in the separation proposed to him by members of the House. True, when the bill came to him for official action, he was obliged to accept or reject it as it stood, but even then he could have insisted, as President Taft insisted, that Congress should cut off the hateful "rider." Congress might or might not have acceded to such a demand, but it is certainly significant that the bill was not even introduced until the President declared his willingness to accept it.

Nor is the exceptional influence which the President has exerted over Congress in other matters to be disregarded when calculating probabilities. At the very least and the very last he could have put the responsibility for refusing

to enact a general Appropriation bill unless accompanied by an "unjustifiable" proviso where it belonged—upon the Congress itself. That is what President Taft did, no less to the satisfaction of the country than to the discomfort of many members. President Wilson, on the contrary, by his instigation, virtually relieved representatives in Congress of the opprobrium which would ordinarily and should, of course, have been visited upon them.

The President continues:

"I do not understand that the limitation was intended as either an amendment or an interpretation of the anti-trust law, but merely as an expression of the opinion of the Congress—a very emphatic opinion backed by an overwhelming majority of the House of Representatives and large majority of the Senate, but not intended to touch anything but the expenditures of a single small additional fund."

Passing over the difficulty of differentiating between an emphatic "expression of opinion" and an "interpretation," nothing could be more evident than that, whatever may have been the intention, the effect was a virtual amendment, since the power to enforce an act was explicitly denied. The proviso was and is, on its face, nothing else than a grant of privilege to a class to break a law with impunity. It is a novel suggestion in any case, if the President so meant his words to be construed, that the unusual size of a vote in the House of Representatives tends to relieve an Executive from his official responsibility, but when, as in this instance, the overwhelming majority was directly traceable to knowledge that the bill had the sanction of the President, it becomes absurd.

In conclusion, the President promises:

"I can assure the country that this item will neither limit nor in any way embarrass the actions of the Department of Justice. Other appropriations supply the Department with abundant funds to enforce the law. The law will be interpreted in the determination of what the Department should do by independent and I hope impartial judgments as to the true and just meaning of substantive statutes of the United States."

The matter of "limitation," having been once admitted, need not be considered further. But what does the President mean by his hint at the possession of "abundant funds" from "other appropriations" to "enforce the law"? That he intends really to use such funds in prose-

cuting the exempted classes and thereby deliberately evade a law which plainly directs him to evade another law? Would that be regarded by the labor unions or could it be regarded by anybody as an act of good faith? The President was an essential party to the transaction; his approval was as requisite as the vote of Congress. Surely he would not belie his own signature.

On the other hand, it is impossible to believe that the suggestion of enforcement is mere pretense—an attempt to avert criticism for suspending without repealing a law enacted for the punishment of criminals. Nobody knows better than President Wilson that the fact that this “ rider ” does not alter the “ substantive statutes ” only increases the offense of such legislation. Nobody, at any rate, has denounced indirect and evasive work of this kind more sharply than he.

“ Independent and impartial judgments as to the true and just meaning ” of the Anti-trust Act suggests an opinion already formed. Inevitably we recall the uncontradicted announcement in the newspapers on the day after the President gave his original direction to Senator Martin and Representative Fitzgerald to the effect that “ President Wilson does not believe that the Anti-trust Act should be enforced against labor unions or co-operative association of farmers.” What the President does or does not “ understand ” to have been the intent of Congress in passing this hateful measure is of little consequence; it is the actuating and underlying purpose of the President himself, at whose behest Congress acted, that possesses real importance.

What, then, is the President’s idea?

An indication of purpose or understanding can be found perhaps in the Senate debates of last May. The most outspoken champion of the exemption clause was Senator William Hughes of New Jersey, who owes his present official position to the personal support which he received from Mr. Wilson, and is commonly supposed to reflect the President’s views.

“ I have never feared, and I do not fear now,” said Senator Hughes, “ that the present Administration will use any of this particular fund, or any other fund, for the prosecution of organizations of labor. I am simply desirous of having the Senate retain this language in the bill because

to strike it out would be to say that the Senate of the United States was against discriminating between organizations of labor and organizations of capital.

"It is true that it is class legislation in my judgment."

Senator Hughes concluded with this significant utterance:

"I will close by saying that I trust the time is not far distant when an opportunity will be given to the Senate to pass upon this question, not as a few lines appearing in the middle of an appropriation bill, but as a substantive proposition, not limiting or tying the hands of the Attorney-General in certain directions, but as saying to the Nation, and to the courts particularly, that it never was intended and is not now intended to prevent organizations of laboring men from combining to do the thing that they are permitted to do in the language of the proviso."

We have no doubt that Senator Hughes really believed and perhaps still believes that "it never was intended" to prevent labor organizations from combining. But President Wilson knew better. Former Senator Edmunds saw to that when he sent the telegram imploring the President to veto the bill. It is evident, too, that, whatever may have been Mr. Wilson's "understanding" of the intent of Congress, there was no shadow of doubt in the mind of his chief supporter in the Senate. The purpose was to say to the Nation, and "*to the courts particularly,*" that it never was and "*is not now* intended to prevent organizations of laboring men from combining to do the thing that they are permitted to do in the language of this proviso." In brief, the proviso was regarded by its sponsors as a mere precursor of a definite amendment of the "substantive statutes" to exempt one class from the punishment visited upon all other classes for criminal offenses against the law. Already signs appear that, encouraged by President Wilson's attitude, Mr. Gompers intends to urge this explicit proposal upon Congress at the coming regular session, in conformity with the prediction of Senator Hughes. The inevitableness of this consequence of the President's action was apparent from the beginning. It becomes evident, therefore, that unless the President can and will control and chain the forces opposed to the fundamental principle of "equal rights for all" which he himself has unloosed, the country will very soon face a determined struggle for class domination whose outcome every patriotic citizen must contemplate with the gravest foreboding.

THE COCKPIT OF EUROPE

"PEACE, peace, when there is no peace," lamented the prophet. But even Jeremiah could hardly have imagined a situation so hopeless as that which, so vividly depicted elsewhere in this REVIEW by Mr. Tonjoroff, now confronts the hapless Balkan States.

In all their murderous history the Balkans have never known so terrible a year as that which is now drawing to its close. Never has such a vulture's feast been prepared; never has such a devil's dance gone on. Every frenzied passion of which human nature is capable has been let loose upon and is still decimating the hapless Peninsula. After thirteen months of warfare, during which states have soared to incredible pinnacles of glory only to be hurled to the dust and trampled on; during which a magical league of inveterate foes against their common oppressor has been turned into an internecine conflict of unexampled atrocity; during which an Empire has been overthrown and the boundaries of ancient kingdoms have wavered as though traced by a planchette, and lives have been sacrificed by the hundreds of thousands, and treasure squandered by the hundreds of millions, and new Principalities have been called into being, and three separate treaties of peace have been signed by soldiers and statesmen who at once set to work to undo them, and a yet more devastating struggle between the Great Powers has only been averted or postponed by a hair's breadth—after all this, stability and tranquillity are still as far to seek as ever, the Balkans remain a floating chaos of horrors, and every loathsome impulse that can degrade humanity is being spurred on to a yet deadlier activity. There is no peace in the Near East; there can hardly be said to be even a truce; civilization in those regions has for the moment given place to an insatiable and reciprocated lust to seize and plunder, to burn and slay.

Has nothing, then, been accomplished? Yes. Turkey in Europe is now confined to a wedge of which Adrianople is the apex; the vast bulk of her Empire has been wrenched from her for ever; and necessity, if not wisdom, will probably force her to concentrate more and more on her Asiatic provinces. There lies her real future, and though the temptation to seize the opportunity presented by the quarrels

among her late conquerors and to reoccupy Adrianople was irresistible, it may prove a disaster to her own interests that she yielded to it. That she is still in Thrace is, at any rate, one of the reasons why it is hopeless for the present to expect a durable peace. Instead of reorganizing her Government, building up her finances, and developing her Asiatic territory, she will be constantly seduced into meddling with Balkan politics, playing off one Balkan state against another, and risking a renewal of the conflict with Bulgaria. Her diplomatic success in retrieving the fortunes of war has rendered her jubilant, headstrong, and obstinate. The military clique that controls her Government intends to remain in office at any cost. It is at this moment granting privileges, signing away concessions, and raising loans with a recklessness never exceeded in the palmiest days of Abdul Hamid; and with the money thus procured it has equipped an army of at least 300,000 men and is proceeding to negotiate a settlement with Greece in a spirit that, even before this article appears in print, may have precipitated another war.

But the real victim and the real hero of the kaleidoscopic events of the past twelve months has been Bulgaria. In that time she has tasted the sweetness of an unlooked-for triumph and the anguish of a yet more surprising and crushing defeat. She bore by far the major share of the war against Turkey; there even at one time seemed a prospect that she would capture Constantinople itself. Then when the Treaty of London had secured to her the fruits of victory, her statesmanship failed her, she grasped at too much, and in a moment of fatuous arrogance ruined everything. Her allies turned against her while the bulk of her armies were still tied up with the Turks; she offered a bloody but an ineffectual resistance; Rumania stepped in to complete her discomfiture; one by one the laurels were stripped from her, and after losing 150,000 men and spending between 300,000,000 and 400,000,000 dollars, she had to surrender all but a small *enclave* in Macedonia and a narrow strip of the Ægean coast with no desirable port and very uncertain and difficult access for a railway. Thrace went, Adrianople and Kirk Kilisse, the scenes of her most brilliant exploits, had both to be given up, and some 7,500 square kilometers of Bulgarian territory, with 180,000 inhabitants, were snatched from her by Rumania. It is doubtful whether there has

ever been in history so swift a fall from so great a height. It will not be permanent. Bulgaria has both the will and the capacity to recover. Already she is plotting and working for her revenge; a Turco-Bulgarian alliance against Greece and Serbia is even now a possibility of the next few weeks. Neither the Czar Ferdinand nor his people will rest till one or both of their late allies are made to bite the dust.

And at any moment the opportunity for a successful sally may present itself. The permutations and combinations of Balkan politics are without an end, and not half of them have been tried as yet. Albania on paper has been created an independent state and its frontiers delimited by the Powers; but the Albanians have taken matters into their hands and have invaded Serbia, and are fixing the boundaries of their state as they go along. The Powers meanwhile look on helplessly; the harmony that hitherto has kept their differences under control shows some ominous signs of giving way; from the Adriatic to the Ægean there is hardly a square mile where life is secure; we may hear any day that Montenegro has made another dash for Scutari, that Bulgaria is profiting by the Albanian entanglement to fall upon Serbia, that Turkey has declared war against Greece, that Rumania has discovered another pretext for claiming "compensation" at the expense of one of her neighbors, or even that Russia, her patience at length exhausted, has made a decisive gesture in the direction of Constantinople. The drama that began when the Allies over a year ago formed their league and made their memorable dash on Turkey has already run through three acts. The first ended with the Treaty of London, the second with the Treaty of Bucharest, the third with the Treaty of Constantinople. But there are many more acts still to come, and there is little reason to think they will be less brutal or convulsive than their predecessors.

What a spectacle and what a prospect in the twentieth century of Christianity!

THE CURRENCY BILL

THAT is a very interesting pen-picture of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency which appears upon other pages of this REVIEW—interesting in itself and doubly inter-

esting because it is drawn by the President of the greatest National bank in the country. Mr. Vanderlip does not conform to the countryfied impression of a Wall Street man. He was born in Illinois and began work as a reporter for a Chicago newspaper, subsequently becoming financial editor and then editor of the *Economist*. In 1897 he was appointed Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury and served four years under Lyman J. Gage. Then he became successively Vice-President and President of the National City Bank of New York. As a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation, he was associated with Mr. Woodrow Wilson, who regarded him highly until he grew to distrust all bankers. When Mr. Wilson's application for a pension was rejected by the trustees of the Foundation, Mr. Vanderlip was suspected by some of Mr. Wilson's friends of having made the fact public with unfriendly intent, but there was no truth in this surmise; in reality, he was one of the minority who voted to make the grant. Whether or not any part of the prejudice that once existed against Mr. Vanderlip still remains in President Wilson's mind is a question of some importance, because upon the answer probably depends the general attitude of the Administration respecting his suggestions. In any case, the Committee charged with the duty of formulating this most vital legislation made no secret of their admiration and appreciation of the ability, frankness, breadth, and patriotism manifested by Mr. Vanderlip at the hearing in Washington; and it bodes well for sagacious accomplishment through honest and honorable co-operation that he, in turn, bore away the favorable impression which he records upon other pages.

There is in the pending bill, in Mr. Vanderlip's judgment, "far more to commend than to deprecate"—in about the proportion of 80 to 20 per cent., he told the newspapers. But the 20 per cent. of defects he finds very serious indeed, and he presents his reasons for this opinion with a clearness which cannot fail to illuminate many minds which have been befogged by technicalities.

We suspect that Mr. Vanderlip's opinion, based upon his talks with the Senate Committee, that "but for political exigencies practically every member would favor the creation of one central reserve reservoir," is correct. Such, at any rate, seems to be the judgment of well-informed and disinterested persons generally. And yet a proposal to that

effect is scouted from all sides because, forsooth, "the American people will never stand for a central bank." What nonsense! Are "the American people" so dense that they cannot discriminate between a bank conducted by Nicholas Biddle and a bank controlled by the United States Government? President Jackson made his great fight upon Mr. Biddle's concern, not because it was a single and exclusive institution, but because it was owned and managed by individuals who held no official responsibility. That is precisely President Wilson's position to-day. He believes that the credits of the country are privately, even monopolistically, controlled by a few to the advantage of a few and unjustly to the many. His chief purpose is to rectify that condition by vesting in the Government itself "the power to control and guide and direct" those credits. Whether the instrument created to perform this work shall be one or four or twelve banks is obviously a matter, not of principle, but of practicability. The "political exigencies" referred to have no basis whatever except presumed prejudice against a name—a prejudice which, if not already obsolete, could readily be dispelled from all rational minds by the simplest explanation.

The chief difficulty in solving a problem like this lies in such prepossessions. Senator Aldrich bitterly denounces the pending measure for no other reason that we can detect in his long speech than that Mr. Bryan upholds it; Mr. Bryan retorts characteristically that the mere fact that Mr. Aldrich opposes the bill is sufficient evidence of its worth; Chairman Glass insists vehemently that the bill is perfect because it is *his* bill; other Representatives are no less positive that it is ruinous because it is not theirs; and so it goes. Fortunately the members of the Senate Committee, as Mr. Vandervlip observes, are not only sensible of their great responsibility, but are eager to profit from all obtainable information. Chairman Owen alone, according to common report, has two score or more of amendments ready for submission at the proper time.

Nor do we understand that the President's mind is in any sense closed as to details. Currency legislation is one of the subjects about which he does not assume to possess all knowledge in existence. Moreover, he cannot but recognize the danger to both the country and his administration from enactment of an ill-considered measure which vitally con-

cerns every corporate and personal interest in the land. If an object lesson pointing the need of care in detail were required at all, it has been found already in the blunder which has brought the new tariff law into direct conflict with existing treaties.

What the President objects to is not careful consideration or advantageous amendment, but unnecessary delay. We do not suppose for a moment that he anticipates final action upon the bill in the few remaining weeks of this session, but his insistence that no time be lost serves an admirable purpose in keeping the subject wholly alive and in evoking discussion which cannot fail to be enlightening and beneficial to an exceptional degree. The attention of the country is now riveted upon a National necessity which hitherto has been recognized but vaguely and timorously—and that in itself is no mean achievement, for which President Wilson deserves undivided credit and unstinted praise.

THE SACRIFICE OF SULZER

Nobody except the person most directly concerned questions the justice of the verdict against William Sulzer. Even he does not deny the main facts upon which he was adjudged guilty. His plea for consideration is one of extenuation. Because of his intent and effort to do his duty his own offenses against the law should be pardoned. That is substantially all that he can find to say. And we have no doubt that he is quite honest in his opinion to that effect and in his belief that he has been wronged. John Trumbull's famous aphorism still stands.

For ourselves, we sympathize with Mr. Sulzer because we regard him as a victim, not of injustice or persecution, but of circumstances which have grown out of a popular trend that is charged with menace to American government. That Mr. Sulzer was never fit to be Governor of the State of New York is no new discovery. That was as well known before he was nominated as it is to-day. True, the moral obliquity which he has now revealed was not then suspected, but there was never any doubt of his mental incompetency. A rattle-brained demagogue he always was and always appeared to be.

Why, then, was he nominated for Governor at a time when

the election of any honorable and capable member of his party was a certainty? There can be but one answer. Because he was "popular"; because he was "a plain man of the people"; because he was "strong with the Jews"; because he was "a true Progressive"; because his candidacy would fortify the National ticket. The fitness of the man for the most important and exacting executive position, with one exception, in the country was never even considered by those who were responsible for his nomination. In their minds was no question of principle; it was wholly a matter of expediency. And so the poor, unbalanced egotist was raised to a place of the highest authority, only to fail inevitably, to wreck his own life, to fetch contumely upon a great State, and to humiliate the whole American commonwealth in the eyes of the world. A pitiful ending, truly! But if the outcome shall be an awakening of the public mind to realization of the need of superior intelligence, no less than of fine professions, in high places, the merciless sacrifice of Sulzer to the ambitions and designs of others may not have been in vain.

It is not surprising that Mr. Roosevelt should have felt impelled to proffer advice and sympathy to the "dear Governor" who had betrayed his trust. The impeachment was a triumph of law and of method prescribed by the Constitution for the discharge of faithless public servants. A more severe blow to the precious doctrine of "recall" could hardly be imagined. To offset the effect it was clearly necessary to divert attention and becloud the issue, and Mr. Roosevelt responded glibly to Mr. Sulzer's instinctive appeal for help and comfort.

"We have never seen," he wrote, "a more startling example of the power of the invisible government under the present system. The extraordinary thing is that the conservative upholders of this present system should have witnessed the decrees of the invisible government carried out within twenty-four hours, and who nevertheless denounce as revolutionary our proposal for changes in the form of government whereby the deliberate judgment of the majority of the voters may be executed within a space of time no shorter than that required for the execution of their deliberate judgment in the choice of a President of the United States."

The proven fact that Mr. Sulzer had violated his oath of

office, had broken the law, had taken for his gambling operations moneys contributed for campaign purposes, had made false returns, had tried to instigate perjury, meant nothing to Mr. Roosevelt. The "extraordinary thing" was that he had been caught and punished, thus demonstrating—what? Why, nothing else, to be sure, than that the "present system" is bad and ineffective, and that "changes in the form of government" are not only not "revolutionary" but are positively essential. For the verdict rendered by a High Court acting under established rules of evidence he would substitute "the deliberate judgment of the majority of the voters," precisely as he would submit judicial decisions to popular vote, to be upheld or set aside in conformity with the dictates of prejudice, partisanship, or passing caprice rather than of equity and of right.

When we contemplate Mr. Roosevelt's hardy insistence that the adoption of his great idea is made manifest by the *success* of the constitutional procedure against his guilty friend, we cannot pretend to imagine the vehemence and power of his argument in the possible event of *failure* of like procedure against a guilty enemy.

It was but natural that Mr. Sulzer should appeal to Mr. Roosevelt in his hour of distress and to expect, as he declares with apparent justification he does expect, to be re-instated in public office by the Progressive party.

But let there be no confused thinking. Whether or not or for what reason Tammany instigated the impeachment of Mr. Sulzer, it was not Tammany, but Mr. Sulzer, who was put on trial. And the High Court nobly justified both the Constitution and itself. During the coming week Tammany will be brought before the bar of public opinion in the New York City election. Now let us see what the people will do.

HUMILIATING THE VICE-PRESIDENT

"GOVERNMENT," said Vice-President Marshall sternly in his speech of acceptance, "is a necessity and not a luxury." Hence the need of the most rigid economy in public expenditures. Hence, too, the obligation of those occupying high places to set an example of simple and unostentatious living. How firmly and how frequently the Vice-President has

preached this Jeffersonian doctrine is known to all the world; aye, even to the Senate of the United States. And yet what did that prankish body do but add an appropriation of seven thousand dollars of the people's money to the Urgent Deficiency bill for the purchase of a new automobile for the use of its presiding officer? Not only so, but, knowing full well that such conduct would evoke vehement protest from the unwilling beneficiary, it took a mean advantage of his temporary absence from the chair and passed the amendment, so to speak, behind his back. The fact that he already had one motor-car was duly noted, but it was weakly urged that his good lady wanted another.

No wonder the Vice-President blushed when he returned to his high place. He was humiliated beyond measure. But what could he do or say? That he would not be a party to such extravagance? That he would not use or even permit his good lady to use a costly additional vehicle paid for from the proceeds of the toil of the starving masses? Perhaps. But such a declaration would have involved a confession that for one brief instant his eternal vigilance, so often and so eloquently depicted by himself as the price of liberty, had relaxed. There was danger, moreover, that some malicious maligner might insinuate that he had forsaken his place of authority at the psychological moment by private arrangement with the proposer of the amendment.

It was a most embarrassing situation, as any one can see, but Mr. Marshall met it like a true Indianian with dignity and courage. Sternly repressing the temptation which occasionally besets him to make a few remarks, he maintained a silence that was more indignant than the most scorching of denunciations could have been. Fortunately the House of Representatives came nobly to the rescue of the Vice-President and struck out the obnoxious provision by a vote of 147 to 51. This considerate action imparts to Mr. Marshall's virile tongue a new freedom, and presently, we are informed, he will express in no measured terms his abhorrence of the conduct of the faithless body over which it is his misfortune to preside.

We trust that the rumor is unfounded. We crave the Vice-President's indulgence for those Senators whose intent at least was kindly. We beg him to recall his own

beautiful words in the speech of acceptance aforesaid—"At its best, human nature is weak"—and be merciful.

THE PROGRESSING COLONEL

SINCE the Democratic party now occupies the National stage, we had not intended to indulge in speculation respecting other political organizations at this time. Nor shall we do so in any comprehensive way because of the value which should attach to time and space. And yet we cannot wholly ignore the suspicion that, if ever remarks are to be adventured concerning the Progressive party, they would better be set forth without delay, to avert a quite strong probability that presently there will be nothing of the kind to write about.

Splendid as was the showing made by Colonel Roosevelt's aggregation of diversified inhabitants last year, many there were, nevertheless, who regarded it, in the light of history, as no more than a flash in the pan. To-day "flash" seems as a term to have been unwarrantably strong; "flicker" apparently would have been more accurate. So far this year, whenever a Progressive candidate has appeared upon the horizon the electors have turned their backs and walked away with astonishing unanimity. By Mr. Roosevelt's direction the party put forward in Maine its two best feet—meaning Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Garfield—to no effect. The total vote polled was larger than that cast in the National election, but the Progressive portion was cut in half. In an Illinois district which last year gave Mr. Roosevelt 5,678 votes, the total in the Progressive column last month was only 65. This is an extreme case which may have been influenced by the fact that the candidates were for the bench and not subject to recall, but generally the results have been most disheartening to eminent leaders like Sir George Perkins and Lord William Flinn, who continue to be dissatisfied with the environment of their growing children. During the coming week further indications will be afforded, notably in New York City, New Jersey, and Massachusetts. We frankly look for the worst.

So, too, we infer, does Colonel Roosevelt. Else he would hardly have sailed away so far at a time so inopportune. True, he vowed eternal allegiance to the deathless Progress-

sive principles from the quarter-deck while the stokers below were trying to coax up another variety of steam, but the reporters returned curiously unimpressed. Even a quite broad hint that one William Barnes should not be universally acclaimed a wholly veracious citizen failed to evoke excitement. The simple, sad, and singular fact that the Colonel was going away from here in time of need was too significant to be shrouded even by his most dexterous diversions.

We were interested to observe that Colonel Roosevelt felt impelled to express personal disapproval of President Wilson's words and deeds before sailing. He spoke through the *Century* instead of through the *Outlook*, for reasons best known perhaps to the bewildered publishers of the latter periodical. After lamenting the "utter incoherence" which, as everybody has noticed, has characterized the Democratic party since Mr. Wilson assumed leadership, and denouncing the passage of the Underwood bill as a perpetuation of "the principles of evil tariff-making," he declares as emphatically as ever and more truthfully than usual that the bill which had not yet become a law had *not* reduced the cost of living. "*Therefore,*" etc., etc.

Colonel Roosevelt also informs us that he had "read with care" Mr. Wilson's collection of thoughts published as "The New Freedom." He thought little of it. In the first place, he could not make out what the author was driving at, and, secondly, he doubted if he was driving at all. Swimming is what he would have suggested if he had thought of it. What he did know was that Mr. Wilson had made "repeated, detailed, and specific misrepresentations of the Progressive position so gross that"—and so forth and so forth again. That may or may not be so. If something more definite than high-sounding "social and industrial reform" had been presented as the crux of those wonderful principles, perhaps we could tell. Even so, we have our doubts, because, to speak with candor, we experienced no little difficulty ourselves in determining the precise points where sense began and nonsense ceased in that curious admixture of surmises and nostrums to which Mr. Wilson attached his captivating title.

Be that as it may, Colonel Roosevelt sailed away wholly dissatisfied with the way the President is carrying on. Seemingly he had in his mind's eye one who could give a far

more praiseworthy performance as leading man in the White House. That, at any rate, is the thought which he left with us to be cherished and sunk deep in our unsophisticated understandings.

Well, so be it. We will think it over. Meanwhile, we shall miss the Colonel more than pen can tell. There have been times when it was difficult to meet his views with rapt enthusiasm or even in full accord, but his rugged deliverances in the *Outlook* have never failed to evoke emotions more poignant than can possibly be aroused by the tempered utterances of Dr. Lyman Abbott and Hamilton W. Perhaps.

A safe and sane return, then, to our most picturesque and engaging Colonel!

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CONTENTNEA

THE prenatal discussion pertained to his name. He was to be a boy and braver than lions; that was certain. Hence Daniel. And he was to possess vast literary gifts with power of immeasurable loquacity. So Josephus. But should it be Josephus Daniel or Daniel Josephus? That was the question. But he might be twins. There was a possible contingency to be provided for. Josephus Daniels then it was, by universal assent.

The happy event took place at Washington, North Carolina, on the left bank of the river Tar, on May 18th, 1862. And the lad throve very much as the original Josephus tells us Moses did. His hair was fair, his eyes blue, and his form lithe. He was endowed, too, with curiously winning ways which served well to temper the intrepid spirit and marvelous garrulity which had been anticipated.

We have no record of the youth of Josephus except the impression which still abides in the hearts of old residents that he was the joy of Washington. Even then, his childish prattle was so fascinating that the rugged mountaineers who toiled by day made pilgrimages to the town by night to hear him talk in his sleep. At the comparatively early age of fifteen ambition stirred within the breast of Josephus and he resolved upon an abrupt departure from the place of his birth in search of culture. Westward he turned his toes, unaccompanied by retinue of any kind, and in the short space of three days, going by way of Old Sparta, he encompassed

the distance—by no means inconsiderable, as all now must recognize—from Washington to Wilson. Naturally there was no lack of pedagogues in a town of that name, and it was with the greatest ease that Josephus acquired a university education at the Collegiate Institute. Having become notoriously proficient after three years of studious application, at the age of eighteen he assumed the editorship of the Wilson (N. C.) *Advance*, a journal of the highest type whose political tendencies are indicated by its title. There he was admitted to the bar, but for some reason not noted in the American Biography, he “did not practise”! he only preached.

The year 1885 marked the turning-point in the career of Josephus Daniels. Wilson, oddly enough, though classical, was circumscribed, and the brilliant young journalist experienced a long-felt want for a wider sphere of usefulness and renown. So it came about that he applied for and obtained the position of editor of the Raleigh *State Chronicle*. And then ensued the most remarkable and regrettable personal tragedy recorded in the annals of modern journalism.

The information having been conveyed surreptitiously through the columns of the *Advance* that the editor proposed to make the journey to the scene of his future triumphs by water, admiring friends and fellow-countrymen conspired and combined and purchased for his use a canoe. It was a blithesome day in June when, to the music of many plaudits, Josephus embarked upon his tiny but fearless Dreadnought and set paddle down the winding Contentnea. Past the cheering multitudes upon the teeming wharves of Stantonsburg and Snow Hill he glided gracefully as a swan, and on the third day entered the woodland. Awearyed by his unwonted exertions, at nightfall he landed and slept upon the boughs provided for such purposes by Nature. Arising refreshed by gentle slumber and inspired by the singing of the birds, he detached large areas of bark from trees and wrote thereon his first editorial “For the Raleigh *State Chronicle*, by Josephus Daniels.” It was entitled “On a Balmy Morn on the Contentnea,” and when finally published filled seven overwrought columns. Then on and on he wended his way into the dark and gruesome forest, gay as a lark in seeming solitude.

But danger lurked in the deep recesses of that noxious swamp. The unsuspecting Josephus was not unseen. Had

he looked up he would have beheld a pair of ferocious eyes glittering through the branches of a noble tamarack. And back of the eyes was a wild man of the forest, unclad from birth, but shrouded by the leaves, clinging with feet and hands and with the ease of long experience to the boughs. That night, when the moon shone high, Josephus slept as only the pure and just can sleep on prickly limbs, but not for long. Stirring restlessly from instinct of peril, he awoke with a start to behold hovering gloatingly over him that breathing specter of the forest. Leaping quickly to his feet, our hero turned upon his enemy the proud, fearless gaze of a Daniel in a lions' den. And there they stood, these two, for several trying moments, steadfastly regarding each other. Although one was the finest type of our modern civilization and a college graduate, and the other was only an untutored embodiment of aboriginal existence, physically they were not ill-matched. There was the light of like intelligence, too, upon both countenances. Neither was armed with gun or club.

Finally, responding to the impulse of habit, Josephus spoke and the other listened in grim and contemptuous silence. A long time Josephus spoke, calmly, amiably, ingratiatingly, until, weakened by lack of nourishment, for an instant he hesitated and, as almost always happens in that contingency, was lost. It was then the other's turn. From his open mouth there issued a succession of words slowly at first, and then, as hour after hour sped by, more and more rapidly until they became a veritable torrent. And ceaseless. There seemed to be and probably would never have been an end but for the surprise of the speaker at the sudden collapse of his victim. Then he stopped and, leaning over the prostrate body, quickly convinced himself of the truth. His face lit up with fiendish glee. He had performed a miracle. *He had talked Josephus Daniels to death.*

Two weeks later a canoe, propelled with the ease and skill of the forest-born, passed up the river Neuse to the Raleigh wharf, and the sole occupant, alighting nonchalantly, sought the office of the *State Chronicle*. There he found the proprietors awaiting the advent of their brilliant new editor. One of them offered him a hand, but he gave no sign in return, appearing, as was remarked subsequently, as one unfamiliar with that form of salutation. But he bowed with a grace that seemed a fit accompaniment of his wrinkled crash

trousers and, advancing with the utmost dignity and composure, placed upon the table many sheets of bark. The most venerable proprietor, selecting the topmost, adjusted his spectacles and read "On a Balmy Morn on the Contentnea." Sighing slightly as he noted the length of the essay, he turned, nevertheless, with dauntless mien to his associates and said:

"It is he who we feared was lost. It is Josephus Daniels. Welcome, sir, to our city."

And to this day—but why recount the familiar episodes that have marked the career of that famous one since that epoch-making day? Why, at any rate, recount them in this number?

But deep and mournful and unceasing is the souging of the pines over the lonely grave on the left bank of the Contentnea, and even unsophisticated children draw away affrighted from the forks which signify the joining of the creek and the majestic river Neuse.

THE INTELLECTUAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

It is a trite and true remark that the game or business of golf has received a marked impetus in our native land during the present year, chiefly as a consequence of the notable triumph at Brookline of the young man whose name seems to have been constructed to facilitate the exercise of punning. We ourselves, in common with a vast majority of our fellow-countrymen, have not been insensible to the added zest which has been the happy and inevitable consequence of that remarkable achievement. But our deeper interest lies in another and more subtle phase of the progress of the ancient and quite honorable pastime. It is the psychology rather than the practice of the game that grips our attention. Consequently we are ever on the lookout for those who possess not only clear understanding, but also that power of explicit expression which affords real enlightenment.

Now it may not be generally recognized from Portland to Portland and from Great Lakes to Gulf that, when one in this vicinity goes forth to seek the deeper intellectuality no less than the higher criticism, he turns instinctively to the aloof cloisters occupied by our able journalists. That, how-

ever, is the fact which enables us at this time to record the conclusion of a contest which thus far has escaped mention in the public prints. The story shall be brief.

It must be going on a dozen years now since signs began to appear in the determined columns of our neighbor, the *Times*, that Doctor-Editor Charles R. Miller was succumbing to the fascination of golf. We followed his career as indicated by his published meditations with avid hope of deriving both practical and theoretical benefit. His orthodoxy became our creed, and as long as we worshiped from afar our blind faith continued unshaken. But when once upon a time circumstances brought us to closer quarters and with our own ears we heard our distinguished mentor remark complacently as he walked from the eighteenth green that he "had him three up," the idol was shattered beyond hope of repair.

The next to loom upon our horizon was Doctor-Editor Edward P. Mitchell, whose matchless diction in our neighbor, the *Sun*, had long atoned for the perverse contrariety of his political judgments. That was a halcyon period. We can recall to this day the admiration we felt at frequent intervals of our own perspicacity in reading between Doctor Mitchell's exquisite lines the explanations which he was wont to adduce of his own failures and disappointments on the links. What, for example, could be more delicate than this:

"If Cicero had played golf the probability is that his *De Senectute* would never have been written and the modern schoolboy would have been spared many laborious hours, for the links would have claimed the leisure that he devoted to that dignified treatise. But had he in the evenings found time to philosophize concerning old age, the resulting pages, we may be sure, would have read very differently. We should have been sagely directed not to strive for distance unattainable by those in whose limbs the sap of life no longer runs fresh and vigorous, but to pit our wisdom and experience against the lustier sinews of youth; we should have been warned that by keeping straight down the middle of the course we might sapiently avoid those many pitfalls by the way into which reckless youth is apt to rush; finally, we should have been advised to devote ourselves above all else to the study of the short approach and the contemplation of the putt. There would have been encomiums on golf as the teacher of patience and resignation in adversity; there would have been severe reprobation for those whose virtue is not steeled against the temptation to forget a stroke, and the peroration would have been devoted to a panegyric of the game as the single occupation that never stales from the cradle to the grave, and that takes rank, along with friendship, as among the greatest of the graciously permitted consolations of old age.

"There is a golf course to-day on the Roman Campagna within sight of the old Appian Way. Cicero would have seen it as he passed that way into exile, and, we may be sure, would have lost no time in confiding to his correspondent Atticus his gloomy speculations as to whether good golf would be obtainable where he was going. It is certainly a misfortune for posterity that Cicero never, as the poet might have written,

‘Drove a ball in furious guise
Along the Appian Way.’”

Even now we hold Doctor-Editor Mitchell, as a classical golfer, in reverence and awe.

But a greater has arisen—one whose proven intrepidity and splendid enthusiasm compel an admiration which makes his predecessors appear as one-franc-fifty each. It happened in the famous Seniors' Tournament at Apawamis after a fashion more sudden, surprising, and sensational to our mind than the widely heralded event at Brookline. It is an odd fact that we had never thought of Doctor-Editor Rollo Ogden as one of sufficient years to constitute eligibility in such a contest. The constant joy, the high optimism, the ebullient buoyancy invariably permeating his editorials in the *Evening Post* had effectually dissipated any thought or idea of association with maturity. Imagine, then, our surprise when we beheld his respected name among those of the sturdy 270 of fifty-five or over! What happened to him subsequently in a practical way we have no means of ascertaining. Nor would we, if we could, rend the veil. The important fact is that seemingly, after the first round, he found ample time in which to set down for publication in his aged but cheery journal the results of his calm reflections. It is to that illuminating exposition of the effect of golf not merely upon an ardent though somewhat austere temperament, but upon the very form of literary expression, that we would direct attention. But let us hasten onward.

What could more aptly depict the spirit of a true enthusiast than Doctor-Editor Ogden's exultant remark at the outset that "it marked the climax of the greatest golf year the world has ever known—and the end is not yet"? A climax, indeed! But to continue:

"Now comes the startling victory of Ouimet, another young man who has hardly graduated from his teens, and accomplishing with one fell swoop what sterling professionals the world over have been aching to do for years—take the measure of Vardon or Ray."

Note how simply and naturally, without pretense of any

kind, attention is here directed to the first fell swoop our beloved country has beheld since the earthquake struck the Golden Gate. And how true, how almost sadly true, is this:

"The amateur and open champions may go round courses in par figures, in the low seventies, but when they reach the age of eighty-one, which is that of the venerable Milne, it may be said that they will not duplicate his feat of handing in a 93 gross."

It may indeed be said not only that they will be venerable at eighty-one, but also that they will not duplicate the feat. In fact, it should be as it has been said, and well said, with conviction and without reservation. And yet—

"When it is considered, the Scarsdale veteran first played golf when he was twelve years old on the old Montrose links in Scotland, back in 1844, when the present-day type of clubs was scarcely more than in the embryo, and the feather ball was the one in general use, if the golfer was handy enough to be able to make his own, Milne's success now is all the more praiseworthy."

Here for the first time we learn that in golf experience is a handicap. It is a wholly new theory, as novel as the original suggestion that the world is round; yet who, we ask in full candor and sincerity, can demonstrate the contrary?

"Here was a man, second oldest of a notable gathering of 270 or more golfers, many of whom were men of fame, and still beating out in actual strokes the big field of younger players. It goes to show rather strikingly that golf is a universal game, so far as age is concerned, and that it can be played well by the aged as well as by the young."

The proof is conclusive. Defeating the youngsters of sixty and thereabouts was not so striking in itself, but when it is considered that they were "men of fame," the deduction of hope for the aged becomes irresistible. Looking forward, as our esteemed President would say:

"Golf is not a craze. It has come to stay. All 'doctors' agree on that point. Millions of dollars are invested in club properties and in establishments for the manufacture of equipment. Investments are not made hastily. The American young man of five tender summers is not taught golf. In England he is, especially if he happens to be one of the nobility or crowding close to the border of the line between democracy and aristocracy. There is, perhaps, the one place where Britain has been America's superior in golf. Over here the young man takes it up in his teens. He is bred with it over there."

Yes; like the poor and Roosevelt and Bryan, golf is to be with us always; but is there not a hint here worthy of serious consideration? We do not want the Britishers to

beat us in the future. Why, then, sacrifice those first five tender summers? Why not, as they do, breed with golf? That, we are confident, is the pregnant question to which Doctor Ogden seeks an answer. But—

“To return to the international phase of golf, there is still before us another international meeting in which it will be determined whether or not the women of America will be as successful in repelling the boarders as their compatriots of the sterner sex. It will be only three weeks more before the golfers of two continents will again have their ears to the ground longing for the results from Wilmington. Will it be Miss Margaret Curtis, of Essex County, Massachusetts, who will be successful; the new metropolitan champion, Miss Marion Hollins, of Westbrook, or some of those who have already made names for themselves in golf? Then, again, it may happen that some girl of tender years will step into the breach, as Ouimet has done. If this should happen, there would be no holding the enthusiasm of the Americans.”

The suggestion that the young women mentioned have not already “made names for themselves” we regard as hardly warranted. Nor can we applaud the inference that they are not in years sufficiently tender to be able to step into an undivided garment. But the spectacle of two continents holding their longing ears to the ground is vivid and, we believe, not out of bounds. As to any putative attempts to hold the enthusiasm of Americans in the happy contingency foreseen, we vote as emphatically no as we would against a reactionary proposal at a Progressive primary. Let joy at least be unconfined!

In conclusion, Doctor Ogden heralds the prospective visit to these shores of Messrs. Taylor and Duncan as “a situation devoutly to be wished.” Why he should have administered this inferential, though gentle, rebuke to the immortal bard for using or misusing, as one may prefer, the strong old word “consummation” we have no means of ascertaining; but we would not cavil upon an occasion such as this. Without further ado about nothing we now award the Intellectual Golf Championship to Doctor-Editor Rollo Ogden and firmly place the traditional laurel wreath upon a brow which towers nobly to a climax whose end is not yet.

COMMENT

THERE was little need for President Wilson to deny the story that he had abandoned the custom of holding Cabinet

meetings. There is no provision of law requiring him to do so; indeed, the Cabinet itself is a body unknown to the Constitution. Common counsel is, of course, an established tenet of the new dispensation, but there is nothing to prevent the President from making up his own mind before taking it. Mr. Bryan described the process rather neatly in one of his more recent speeches in these simple words:

"I am near enough to the President to be able to form an opinion of him, and I have never yet found a man who more completely has my confidence than has Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. I have an opportunity to hear his views expressed in private as well as in public. I have heard him discuss questions where there were no reporters to take down what he says, and I say to you I have never met a man with more singleness of purpose than, nor one whose ideals were higher or whose moral courage was greater than his; but to my mind the chief advantage with Woodrow Wilson is that he is in a position to make up his own mind. Nobody makes it up for him and no one assists him in judging what is right. The advisers selected by him may bring him information in regard to questions before their various departments, but it is a great advantage to have a President who is willing to think for himself, decide for himself."

If the kinetic Secretary of State feels that he is "near enough" to the President while in Biddeford, Maine, we fail to see why the static members of the Cabinet should complain.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, one-time editor of the *English Review*, wrote in his *Reminiscences* that Mr. Arnold Bennett had quarreled with him over the price of a story. Whereupon Mr. Bennett writes to the *Outlook*:

"This is not so. I accepted without protest the sum which he paid to my agent. Soon afterwards he asked me to dinner. I replied in sorrow that I could not come to dinner, as I considered that he had done me in the eye over the price of the short story. He wrote to ask me by how much I considered he had done me in the eye. I answered, by at least ten pounds. He sent me a cheque for ten pounds. I attended his dinner. We have been excellent friends ever since."

Resumption of the *entente cordiale* upon a thoroughly English basis! But how much, we wonder, would Mr. Hueffer have had to pay Mr. Bennett if he had done him in the ear or, say, in the neck?

"An immigrant boy who became the greatest editor of his time," is the way our neighbor Mr. Samuel S. McClure is characterized, in connection with the publication of his

interesting autobiography. High praise, indeed! Greater than Greeley, Raymond, Dana, Bowles, Bennett, Medill, Halstead, Pulitzer, or Watterson. Greater than Alden, Howells, Aldrich, Holland, Gilder, or Curtis. To win undoubted pre-eminence in company such as that is surely an achievement worth recording in every phase and detail. In view of the fact, moreover, that the characterization appears upon the title-page of our discriminating contemporary, *McClure's Magazine*, it may safely be regarded as authoritative. We shall peruse Miss Willa Sibert Cather's *Autobiography of Mr. McClure* with zestful appreciation.

Oddly enough Mr. Harvey has little or nothing to say about Ireland, and discusses home rule in a single line as virtually an accomplished fact."—*The Evening Sun*.

We were writing about Mr. Asquith, not about Ireland. Even so, the seriousness of the Ulster situation has been grossly exaggerated for partisan purposes.

We respectfully suggest to Mr. Julian Hawthorne that he disguise himself as Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne and write *A Convict's Impressions of the Life of a Country Gentleman*.

The New Freedom in Congress! No recess for the second class; the first class will stay after school to complete its lesson.

We boldly predict the election of the Prohibition candidate for District Attorney of New York.

The impression seems to be growing that a publicist must be either a prude or a pervert.

A man must be pretty thin to hide behind a woman's skirts nowadays.